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Sumner '96

AN EASY ERROR.

The Count (a trifle near-sighted): I SAY, WHO IS ZE BOW-LEGGED CHAP WIZ YOUR UNCLE?
"MY SISTER."

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NEW YORK.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE LION AND THE BOAR.

ONE Sunday, when the new administration had induced a general thirst, a lion and a boar came at the same moment to a corner spring to drink.

"Have one with me," said the lion. "No, sir; this is on me," said the boar. From words they came to blows, and while they were in the press of combat the clock struck one A. M. and they had to go home cold-sober and disgusted.

Immoral: Reform is just the thing for angels.

H. W. Phillips.

ALWAYS THE POSSIBILITY.

"I WONDER why the people in Ireland always make such a great fuss over the birth of a boy."

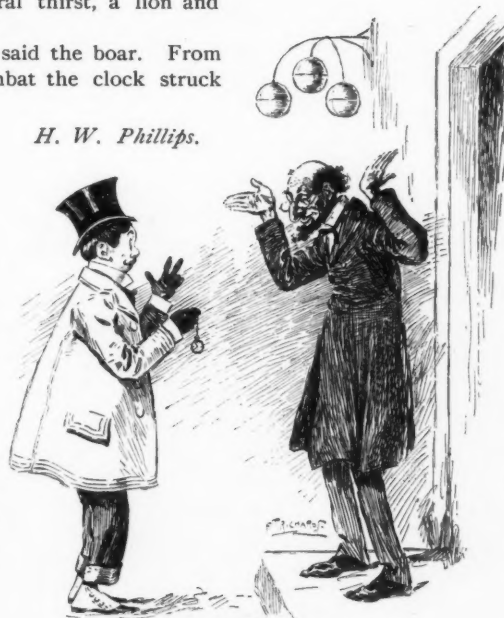
"There is always the hope that some day he may be mayor of New York."

NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

EDITOR: Well, have you got that Doubledeck divorce story? No time to lose.

REPORTER: Yes, sir. Here is a statement of the exact facts.

"Facts! Great Ananias, there isn't time now to rewrite it."



THE SON'S RAISE



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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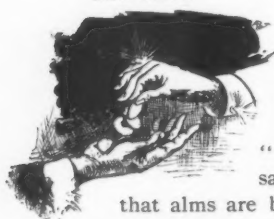
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FOR a week past Moscow has been experiencing the highest kind of high jinks. The young Czar has been crowning himself, and has spent twenty million dollars in the displays and hospitalities incident to the job. Think of that, Chicago! Twenty millions spent in one town, all on one high old time and every ruble of it out of the imperial treasury! Gracious, what a celebration! Beer, bunting, soldiers—150,000 of them—free lunches for the millions, brass bands, kings, queens, knaves, princes and nobles from all over the world, and all in their best clothes and on their best behavior. What a show! What a crowd! LIFE would like to

have been there to see it, but that being inconvenient it has ventured to hope that the American minister was able to afford to slip over from St. Petersburg and represent all the Americans who wanted to be present and couldn't.

Inasmuch as it was the Czar's treat, Minister Breckinridge was probably there, though the salary which Uncle Sam pays his minister to Russia is not so lavish as to warrant him in going about and having much fun at his own costs.



THE truth about tipping, according to Mr. Howells, is that it is "a swindle, which lives from the detestable vanity of the giver to the detestable rapacity of the taker."

"Tips," he says, "are given with the same grudge and the same contempt that alms are bestowed on sturdy beggars," and he adds that givers who deny this "are such as do not scan their motives."

If Mr. Howells has diagnosed his own tips and found them to be swindles, originating in detestable vanity and bestowed grudgingly and with contempt, he ought to abstain from tipping absolutely and permanently. We don't believe that our tips originate in vanity or are conceded to rapacity. Such as they are, they are usually bestowed freely enough and with goodwill. If they are

swindles, they are swindles that tend to correct other swindles. It is a swindle, perhaps, that some of us should have much money and others little, that some should bring food and others sit and eat it, that one should drive the carriage and another ride in it. Make all people equal in mind, body and estate and tips will probably disappear. Meanwhile they may serve as a sort of apology for the inequalities of fortune.

If you tip at all, Mr. Howells, tip the office, not the man. It makes all the difference in the world how you tip. A tip fitly given has a value beyond its value as a coin. Just as a word fitly spoken is worth more than its weight as mere language, a tip that does not express appreciation and goodwill is a poor thing, but the giver is to blame for its worthlessness.

* * *



THE G. A. R., of Illinois, having made some disparaging remarks about President Eliot, Dr. Eliot has retaliated with injurious reflections about the G. A. R., to which Corporal Tanner has retorted in turn in the most excoriating language of which he is master. The Corporal's intentions have been clear and hearty, but his diatribes are so violent as to be ineffectual, since, instead of inciting resentment they provoke laughter. The Corporal is no match for Dr. Eliot in marshaling the parts of speech.

All the same, in LIFE's opinion it is a mistake to utter a syllable more in disparagement of the G. A. R. than necessity compels. That organization often needs discipline, and, occasionally, it is necessary to turn to and hammer it, but there are thousands of good men in it who deserve well of their countrymen, and for whose sake the occasional antics of certain of their comrades should be passed over as quietly as possible.

The Grand Army used to be honored and respected. In so far as it has lost reputation it has brought affliction on us all. To walk backwards and haul a sheet over it when necessary is a fitter method of procedure than to jeer at its infirmities.

* * *

NOW that the trustees of Johns Hopkins University, have declined to allow Dr. Gilman to direct the school system of Greater New York, the possibilities in store for a realization of the hopes which his name aroused are being weighed with uncommon anxiety. With Columbia taking a new lease of life, the University of New York stirred to new usefulness on a new site, and the schools of Greater New York under the direction of a man of experience and wisdom, New York might confidently hope to see herself become a great centre of education, competent to train her own children and attractive to her neighbors who have children to be trained.



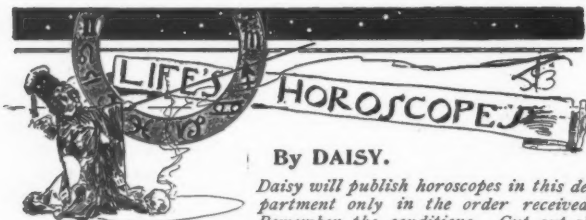
He: OF COURSE I PAINT IMPRESSIONIST PICTURES! WHAT DOES THE PUBLIC KNOW OF MY ART?
She: NOTHING. THEY CAN'T EVEN GUESS.

OUR FRESH-AIR FUND.

IN the interest of some thousands of children who have a pardonable liking for the country, we again present ourselves, and pass our hat in your direction.

You see, dear reader, that LIFE knows you, and deliberately, and with malice aforethought, presumes upon your sympathy. You have not failed him in previous years and again he counts upon your support. The conditions remain the same: a horde of children who depend for a sniff of country air upon the efforts of their friends, and without this help they spend the entire summer in the city. The more money you give us, the more children we can reach.

Balance from October 12, 1895	\$825 08	May 7, 1896, M. Reincke..	10 00
Nov. 4, 1895, Five little boys, viz.: Zach. Barber, Lee Fraser, Louis Barnard, Reed Hubbell and Gilbert Stark.....	4 32	May 16, 1896, J. H. Perkins, M. D.....	2 46
April 20, 1896, M. N. J....	5 00	May 19, 1896, M. B. G.....	10 00
April 30, 1896, Rye Seminary Branch of the Needlework Guild.....	5 00	May 19, 1896, L. G.....	2 00
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		May 19, 1896, Francis....	1 50
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			\$903 86



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Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

H. H. (V-R-L-N-D).

PRESIDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN TRACTION COMPANY AND SOCIETY FOR NERVOUS PROSTRATION.



THIS gentleman was born under Mars, with Job's coffin in the ascendant, a blockade in the solar system, eighteen alarms of fire on Scorpio, the waters of Aquarius turning rapidly red and the Pleiades in Indian file, with golden gongs sounding every second. He is below the medium height, easily recognizable under a microscope; has frescoed features, with a stranded-cable expression, a deaf ear, an old oaken bucket and moss-covered intellect, and has good eyesight, easily seeing a few feet ahead. He looks well in a ball and chain, and should never wear anything else. He is brave and courageous, never quailing at the sight of death; is exceedingly humane, believing that when people are suffering they should be put out of their misery as soon as possible; and he has great faith in others, confident that they will stand almost anything rather than complain. He should travel on the Brooklyn trolley cars for his health, avoid nerve tonics as they are not necessary, sleep in the reservoir, and will find his most congenial companions among cable-car passengers. Would do good work in a hospital, or succeed as a bandit, but will find his best field as the captain of a raft in the Antarctic Ocean.

THE AMBITIOUS TIGER.



MARION (C-R-F-D).

THIS gentleman was born under Leo, Libra making 480 revolutions to the minute, the chimes on Venus playing the Star-Spangled Banner and the rest of the planets working overtime.

He is of average height, with retrousse nose, pale-green binding with gold edges, an automatic movement, set to run a lifetime without stops, and has a working capacity of 1800 horse-power. He has a mercurial temperament, which takes him away when he ought to be home studying others, and he devotes too much time to travel when he could do better work in one place. He is very persevering, prefers manual labor to deep thought, and would do great work in a paper mill. He should take a long rest in some secluded place where he cannot be seen or heard, drink freely of some effective sleeping potion every morning before rising, and come back to the world after twenty years. Looks well in a merry-go-round, and will be successful as the keeper of an Italian fruit-stand, or would do good work at a turning-lathe.

OTTO VON (B-S-M-R-K).



THIS gentleman was born under an agitated Mars, with that sign in the ascendant, the Sun scorching through space, Leo with his hair standing on end and a bock beer freshet on Aquarius. He is built on the upright plan, with a mahogany finish, Poultney Bigelow pose, has a briar-root expression, wears a head with a brain inside, and looks well in a pale-blue grenadine, with carnation pinks, cut decollete, entrain, with diamond ornaments and tortoise-shell corsage. He has a changeable nature, is very fond of travel, and has been very successful in this direction, frequently altering whole maps with the aid of good-road machines. Is fond of the best society, cares little for kings, and would make a splendid guardian for the extreme young, but not likely to be called. Will do good work as a bareback-rider, or might succeed as an emperor, a Paris concierge or a surveyor.



TANDEM TALKS.

SCENE: *The Knollwood Country Club, overlooking the Golf Links.*

"WHAT enemy of yours suggested the Saw-mill River road as a short cut for a bicycle to this club?" asked Diana as she lifted her face to the cooling breeze from the hills.

"Oh, the usual man who had ridden every foot of the way within a month," said Adrian.

"That kind of a man is always misleading," said Diana. "He is absolutely sure of his own senses. What he has once done is always feasible. He never considers changing circumstances. Two weeks of drought have made that road a delusion and a snare, but your practical friend never thought of that."

"It's the old question of the value of imagination in practical affairs," reflected Adrian. "The blindest men I've ever known always saw everything."

"Oh, the pride of the eye!" said Diana. "It has taken literature by the throat. Poetry, fiction, and science, and religion have become simply records of what other people have seen with their eyes."

"And yet there *is* a light that never was on sea or land!" said Adrian.

"And children are the only people left who appreciate it," sighed Diana.

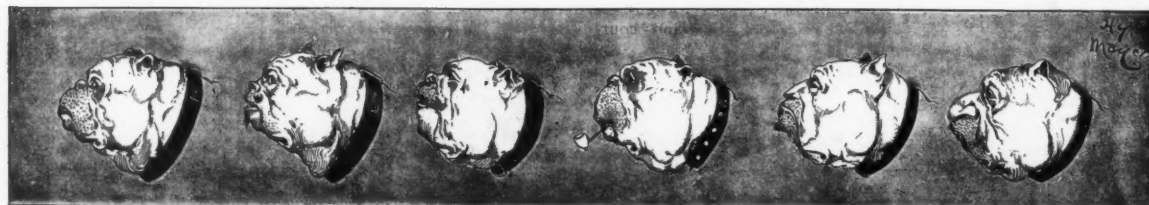
"But we are fast crowding it out of their lives also," said Adrian. "The other day I heard of some children whose parents had provided them with a real four-in-hand, complete from the ponies to the guard with his livery and gilded horn."

"Poor little things!" said Diana. "Did they use it?"



BUSINESS TERMS.
TWO OFF FOR CASH.

THE ACCLIMATIZATION OF THE ENGLISH BULLDOG.



AS HE IS.

THE FRENCH.

THE GERMAN.

THE IRISH.

THE YANKEE.

THE HEBREW.



"Their mother said that they went out with it only when ordered, and that they had far more fun out of their old goat-cart," answered Adrian.

"There is some hope for those children yet!" exclaimed Diana. "They have realized that a perfectly appointed four-in-hand can never be anything else; but that a rickety old goat-cart can be anything under the sun—from the gorgeously gilded band-wagon of a circus to an ocean steamship with Billy's horns for smoke-stacks. I would not exchange the voyages I have taken in a goat-cart for all that my steam-yacht has brought me."

"That is one of the things about you that more than half pleases me," said Adrian, patronizingly. "With a yacht pulling at her anchor chains in the harbor, and forty men to do your bidding, you prefer to ride thirty miles through dust and sun on a tandem!"

"Another case of goat-cart," laughed Diana. "It wasn't the Saw-mill River road and the dust and grime for me; from Neperhan to Elmsford I was a Bedouin chief, chasing across the desert on a camel. The low-banked clouds were caravans; the little lake was a mirage; the way-side spring where we stopped to drink by the horse-trough was an oasis. The lays of Bayard Taylor and Tom Moore were singing in my ears, and the canvases of Fortuny flashed before my eyes like brilliant tropic birds."

"And poor little me!" jibed Adrian—"I who pushed so hard on the hills—what part had I in your dreaming?"

"Oh, you were an Abyssinian slave whom I bought in the market of Khartoum to be my camel driver, and pitch my tent, and wave my great fan of ostrich feathers when I stopped at midday for food."

"That is always your idea of a man," sighed Adrian. "Some day you will wake up and find that desert and slave have vanished like a mirage."

"Till then I shall rule in my kingdom," said Diana, and lightly tripped away, up the links.

Droch.

THE "HERALD'S" MISTAKE.

THE *New York Herald* recently offered a prize to the gripman who could conduct one of the Broadway Chambers of Horrors around the curve at 53d Street

and Columbus Avenue with the least loss of life during the day; the award to be made by a committee of reputable citizens.

President Vreeland, however, refused to consider the proposition, on the ground that the gripmen were all good men and true and that such a contest would be unfavorable to discipline.

If the *Herald* had offered a prize to be given to the man who succeeded in dispatching the greatest number of human beings and crippling others who escaped with their lives, perhaps Vreeland would have smiled on the idea.



"WILL YOU HELP A LOVE-LORN MAN, MUM?"

"LOVE-LORN MAN! WHY, YESTERDAY YOU HAD TEN SICK CHILDREN AND WERE BLIND YOURSELF."

"I KNOW IT, MUM, BUT THE CHILDREN ALL DIED AND THE SHOCK RESTORED MY EYESIGHT."



WHAT THE DAILY PAPER IS DOING FOR US.

THE RIGHT THING.

"WHEN you leave me, dear," she said, Hiding not her yawning, "Whisper not to me 'good night': Rather say: 'good morning.'"

"SCIENCE" IN MILWAUKEE.

THE following extract from a letter to the editor of the *Journal of Zoophily*, gives assurance that the benign hand of the vivisector is busy in Michigan:

The sights I saw in the Milwaukee Medical College are indescribable. It would tax your patience too much to read all this matter explained explicitly, so I will come to the point.

I passed the college late one afternoon and noticed a student standing in the door with a pole in his hand to which was attached a piece of meat. I wondered what he was doing, and stopped and watched him. Just then an Irish setter came along and the student enticed him to take the meat. When the dog was near enough he grabbed him and took him into the college.

I was anxious to find out what they would do to the dog, and the same evening I went to the college (I only live a few blocks from it), and the moaning and groaning of the dogs called my attention to the basement window. Looking in, the sight I saw I never want to see again. Eleven dogs were in there, five of which were slashed, and all alive. Some were bandaged, and two were lying there with their eyes put out; some were moaning pitifully.

Lovers of dogs may disapprove of this, but they should not forget the pleasure it gives the medical student. The vivisector must have his fun, and until he is squelched by law he will continue to take it.

HOW SHE KNEW.

CLARA: Didn't he kiss you?

MAUDE: What, did you hear me scream?

"No. I heard you utter a cry of joy."



IN DAYS TO COME WHO WILL LOO

LIFE •



WHO WILL LOOK AFTER THIS BOY?



A PROPHET BEFORE HIS TIME.

WHEN Whitcomb Riley did declare
That "June wants me
and I'm to spare,"
He dreamed not of the present
day
When Bill McKinley feels that
way.

"NO wonder my ribs are
always so plainly in
evidence!" soliloquized the
umbrella, morosely, "people
invariably strike me for a raise
on a rainy day!"

ENCOURAGING.

WHEELMAN: Can you
tell me how far it is to
Dooganville?

THE NATIVE: Nigh 'bout
ten mile; but them things goes
so fast I reckon yer can make
it less'n that.

RECONCILED.

PLUTO: You seem rather pleased with your quarters here.
NEW YORKER: Thank Heaven, I've reached a place at last
where the temperature is stationary.

A GOOD REASON.

JOHNNY had not been at school Monday afternoon, so when
he came on Tuesday morning the teacher sent him home to
get a written excuse from his mother explaining his absence.
After about an hour he returned with ink on his fingers and a
somewhat soiled note which read as follows: "Miss Brown please
excuse Johnny for not being to school yesterday I could not
come because I tore my pants and oblige Mrs J Smith."

IT is probable that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Com-
pany of Boston will have the most momentous time in Lon-
don of any company that ever went on a visit. It is at least

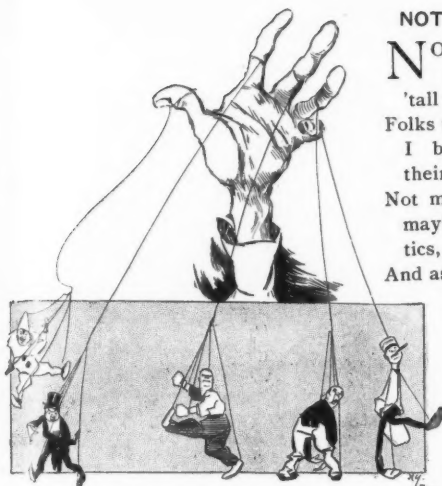
thirty years since any
body of American
soldiers, regular or
otherwise, has em-
barked on an errand
so gorged with pos-
sibilities of extinction
as this trip these ven-
turesome Bostonians
have planned. Every
man of them who
lives to get home and
survives for a year
and a day afterwards
should receive a med-
al from Congress.



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NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

THIS restoration by a famous sculptor of the Biclo-Archæological school,
throws a new light on the true meaning of this immortal statue. The whole
attitude of the lady, the shoulders and the extended arms, the anxious poise of
the head and the uplifted knee all combine in a perfect harmony, and clear up a
mystery that for three-quarters of a century has baffled the keenest antiquarians.



NOTHIN' TER SAY.

NOTHIN' ter say,
my party, nothin'
'tall ter say.

Folks that's as mum as
I be gineraly has
their way.

Not manly, eh? Well,
maybe, but it's poli-
tics, you bet,

And as long as William
gets there the
country it can
fret.

It's tweedle dee
or tweedle
dum, ta-ra-ra
boom de aye,
Nothin' ter say,
good people,

hain't got nothin' ter say.

Nothin' ter say, my party, nothin' 'tall ter say;
I notice when the people rise they gineraly has *their*
way.

They may be blind and foolish, and I don't know but
they be,

But that part of ther circus haint worryin' Hanna 'n me.
The game o' straddle is a game I reckon I kin play —
Nothin' ter say, good people, hain't got nothin' ter say.

Nothin' ter say, my party, nothin' 'tall ter say,
Just waitin' 'round an' keepin' mum, for that's the game
ter play;

I'm perchin' here upon the fence in my ambitious style:
It may be gold or silver, but you won't know yet
awhile.

Just sittin' here an' keepin' mum not givin' myself
away—

Nothin' ter say, good people, nothin' 'tall ter say.

*W. McK-n-ly (with
apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.)*



The Boy's First Thought: "MOTHER WON'T BE ABLE TO FEEL OF MY CLOTHES NOW, TO SEE WHETHER I'VE BEEN IN SWIMMING OR NOT."



*She: WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING, I WONDER?
Wantergo Holmes: THEY SEEM TO ME TO BE ASKING IF
I WOULD MIND SHARING MY SUPPER WITH THEM.*

SOMETHING OFF.

"A N' so O'Flannigan was sint up fer loife, ye
sez?"

"Yis, but his friends do be thryin' to get his
sintence redooed tin years."

QUEEN VICTORIA was seventy-seven years old Sunday before last, and her birthday was celebrated by her subjects all around the world, and by none more zealously than by our neighbors in Canada. LIFE does not believe it risks any very biting criticism from any good American when it says that if celebrations of the Queen's birthday in the United States would encourage the indefinite recurrence of those anniversaries, they might be compassed in considerable number and with very hearty good will. The good Queen is admired and honored in this country. Long life to her and peace of mind!



SOME time ago, in a New York club, some one was telling about a woman who had just married her third husband. "By the way," the gentleman asked, "where is her first husband buried?" "He was cremated," was the answer. "And the second?" "Also cremated." "By Jove!" observed Fred Wright, Jr., the comedian, "that woman has husbands to burn."—*Argonaut*.

"WHAT do you think of my work with the camera?" asked the young man, who is an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

"It's splendid, in its way," replied the girl who means well. "It is better than any of the professional caricaturists can do."—*Washington Evening Star*.

RUDYARD KIPLING gives out this explanation of the statement in an Australian newspaper that "Rudyard Kipling landed on this island at twelve o'clock, and at twelve-sixteen o'clock he had formulated an Australian policy": "A young reporter cornered me just after I landed. I treated him kindly, but said firmly that I was not to be interviewed. 'I have not thought of interviewing you,' replied the reporter, with a sadness in his voice; 'I ask a much greater favor than that.'" It turned out that the reporter had an Australian policy which he knew would be of the greatest benefit to the country. No paper would print it. His modest request was that Kipling would let him put forth his theory as the scheme of the novelist. "They will print it," he said, "if I give it as coming from you." "All right," agreed Kipling, "fire ahead." So

the young reporter got in four mortal columns telling the people of Australia how to run their country. "I never read the article," said Kipling; "but there must have been some amazing theories in it from the storm it raised."—*Argonaut*.

"WHAT is the best sign of Spring weather?"

"That delightful feeling which makes you want to sit down and watch other people work."—*Chicago Record*.

BESSIE CHANDLER, the writer of stories and verses for children, is a daughter of Commodore Chandler, of the navy. At one time in their family they had a little negro boy who was not very busy, and spent his spare time idling about the rooms where the ladies sat. They would puzzle their wits to keep the boy at work. One day Mrs. Chandler was busy and sent Johnny into the next room.

"You may take your slate and pencil," she said, "and write me a letter."

The boy obeyed. By and by there came a shrill call: "Please, missus, I've got it wrote. It says:

"DEAR MISSUS—Kin I go down to the tennis-court and see them play tennis?"

"Respectfully yours, JOHNNY." Mrs. Chandler was not ready to admit him as yet so she replied:

"Oh, well; write me a postscript."

Again a silence, so prolonged that finally she went into the room to investigate. There was no boy there. The slate lay on the chair face upward. She read the



HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK.

ANIMAL SYMBOLISM IN ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE. By E. P. Evans.

Out of Bounds. By A. Garry.

Wisdom's Folly. By A. V. Dutton.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Poems and Ballads. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Weir of Hermiston. An unfinished romance by Robert Louis Stevenson.

The North Shore of Massachusetts. By Robert Grant. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.

White Satin and Homespun. By Katrina Trask. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

Memoirs of a Little Girl. By Winifred Johns. New York and London: The Transatlantic Publishing Co.

Aucassin and Nicolette. A song. Boston: Copeland & Day.

message he had first called out, and underneath it this addition: "P. S.—I have went."—*Argonaut*.

PROBABLY the incident that will be longest remembered in connection with Colorado Belford's Congressional career was his attack upon a Democratic member of the House, concluding as follows:

"There he sits, Mr. Speaker!" exclaimed the Red-headed Rooster of the Rockies, pointing his finger at his Democratic victim, "there he sits: mute, silent, and dumb!"

"Yes, Mr. Speaker," interrupted a member of the Democratic side, "and he ain't saying a word."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

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FOR RIDERS WHOSE WHEELS ARE FITTED WITH
ABSOLUTELY DUST PROOF
BEARINGS
SUCH AS ARE
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WARWICK
THESE, WITH ITS OTHER INIMITABLE
POINTS OF PERFECTION MAKE IT THE PEER
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Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs.
per month without injury to health.
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MADE
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Simply stopping the fat producing
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the natural working of the system draws
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Sold by all Druggists.

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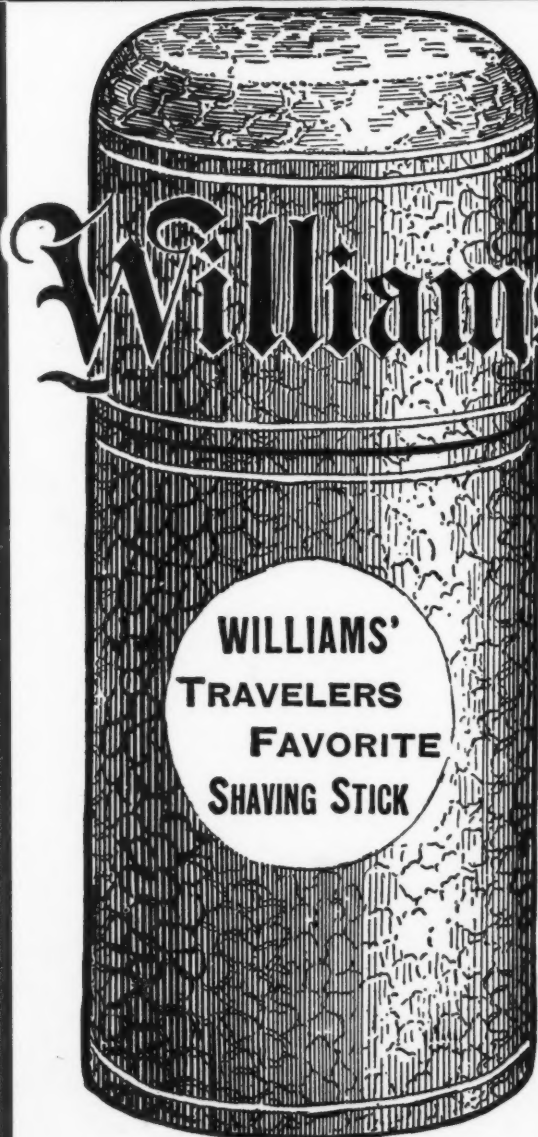
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Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

Requires only the addition of boiling water and a pinch of salt. It's the matter of a moment.

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Williams' Shaving Stick

The Lather—

Rich, . . .

Cream-like,
Soothing,

Healing,
Never = Drying

— which has given

**WILLIAMS'
SHAVING
SOAPS**

their

world-wide
reputation

is found in no other
soap. . . .

The constantly increasing demand for **Williams' Shaving Stick** in this country, England and on the Continent is the best evidence of its superiority over all others, either of home or foreign manufacture.

In fact **Williams' Shaving Stick** is fast displacing all others. There is absolutely nothing like it.

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All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

WHEELS are so numerous that the selection of a new mount perplexes even experienced riders. If you are not a mechanical expert, and cannot judge of the superior construction of

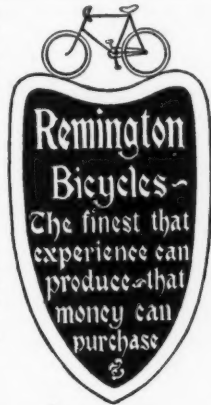
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be guided by Remington reputation, which for eighty years has represented excellence and reliability.

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313-315 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY.

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1896, . . . 64,775

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

THE investigators whose names appear in the newspapers in connection with Roentgen ray experiments are a good deal bothered by applications from people who imagine they have bullets or other unpleasant foreign substance in various parts of their anatomy. The story goes that not long ago a certain local scientist received the following letter:

DEAR SIR: I have had a bullet in my thorax for seven years. I am too busy to come to Cleveland, but hope you will be able to come down here and locate the bullet, as I am sure the case is worth your while. If you can't come yourself, send your apparatus, and I will get one of the doctors here to use it.

Yours truly,

Here is the local man's reply:

DEAR SIR: Very sorry I cannot find time to visit you. Nor will I be able to send my apparatus. If you can't come to Cleveland yourself send me your thorax by express, and I will do the best I can with it.

Yours truly,

—Cleveland Post.

A FAT French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin, but no sooner does the disappointment come than the joy at the prospect of getting thin makes me fatter than ever."—Exchange.

AN effective reproof was that given by an elderly man to a fashionably dressed young woman who, as it seems, must have been surprised out of her "manners."

The young woman was walking rapidly along a street shaded by many trees, when the elderly man, coming up behind her, saw a large, fuzzy caterpillar on the collar of her coat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, laying a detaining hand on her arm as he

spoke and removing the obnoxious crawler, "I wished to take off this caterpillar which was almost at your neck."

The young woman stared haughtily and with an air of resentment at the caterpillar and was about to pass on, with no word of thanks.

"If I made a mistake, and you would prefer to have the caterpillar replaced, I can easily put it back," said the gentleman, courteously, suiting the action to the word.—*Youth's Companion*.

MILSON: Haven't you gone to housekeeping yet?

NEWLY-MARRIED MAN: No; we're waiting to save up enough to live in keeping with the style of the wedding-presents.—*Philadelphia North American*.

"FEEL all at sea, old man?" asked the seasoned passenger, who thought he saw a chance to get funny.

"No," said the dejected passenger, who was leaning over the side of the ship, "I guess there is still a remnant of me on board."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

It was a London diamond broker and he was trying to get into the social swim. At last he received cards for a certain imposing function, but unfortunately, about the same time, was forced to assume the leading role in an unsavory police court case.

"You 'ave now done it," exclaimed his friends. "You will get a leedle note to say der dance has been postponed, and you vill not be told when der day is!"

"Nod so," exclaimed the Jew, "I have der invitation to Somerset House taken to get it stamped. It is now a contract."—*Wave*.

THERE'S A BEST IN EVERYTHING
HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW
STEARNS-BICYCLE
THE YELLOW FELLOW
E.C. STEARNS & CO. MAKERS, SYRACUSE, N.Y.
TORONTO, ONT. BUFFALO, N.Y. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"Ball-Bearing"
Bicycle Shoes
are made to fit and wear. They touch and support the foot at every point. Many styles—high or low-cut. Corrugated soles. Pratt Fasteners secure laces without tying.
PRICE—Black, \$5.00; Tan, \$3.50; Ladies' Covert Cloth Knee Boot, \$4.50 to \$6.00. Sold by dealers everywhere. If yours does not keep them, shoes will be sent postpaid on receipt of price. Look for Trade-Mark stamped on heel.
C.H. FARGO & CO. (Makers), CHICAGO.

No. 972



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Leghorn, Italy.

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BEFORE starting for the mountains or seashore, be sure that you have a bottle of Burnett's Kalliston for sunburn.

For sale by all Druggists.

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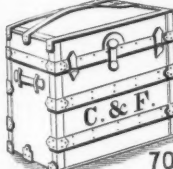
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All Nature Awakens To A New Life—One Begins To Think Of A New Wheel.
Sterling Bicycles
"BUILT LIKE A WATCH"
Fulfill All Expectations
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Great English Remedy for
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SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
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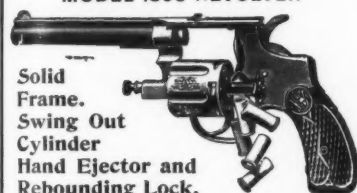
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Rootbeer does you dollars'
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A 25c. package makes 3 gallons. Sold everywhere



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Exceptional strength, accuracy, penetration,
and workmanship are features of this revolver.
Send for illustrated catalogue.

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RHINE * VIOLETS**
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THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES
If you want a real Violet
Perfume, be sure you get
"No. 4711 Rhine Violets"
It is not a combination of
other scents, but is abso-
lutely true to the flower.
Cut this advertisement
out and show it to your
dealer.
VULHENS & KROPPF, New York, U.S. Agents.

**EASY
FOR LADIES**
to mount because the pom-
mel is low and easy to sit upon,
and pedal because it is
wide and flat in the
back, but short and
narrow in front. All
injurious pressure ab-
solutely avoided.



\$3.50

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Patterns Nos. 1 and 2, from \$80 to \$65

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This is the best value for the money offered in medium grade machines.

COLUMBIAS

The Standard of the World—acknowledge no
competitors, and the price is fixed absolutely for \$100
the season of 1896 at

If you can't buy a Columbia, then buy a Hartford.

All Columbia and Hartford Bicycles are ready for immediate delivery.

POPE MFG. CO.

General Office and Factories, HARTFORD, CONN.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are
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Food For Both



Every nursing moth-
er needs the kind
of nourishment there
is in

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

—the food drink—

The baby needs it in
order to *grow* healthy
and plump: the
mother needs it in
order to *keep* healthy
and plump.

For sale by all druggists'.

Prepared by
ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASSOCIATION,
St. Louis, U. S. A.

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THIMIG BOTTLING CO., 435-443 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. } GENERAL AGENTS.



RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

It was a very small Western town, and the only train out of it that night left at two o'clock. The traveling-man had impressed upon the night porter of the hotel the importance of calling him in time for this train. Promptly at 1:30 a prodigious knock roused the sleeper.

"Say! be yez the man what wants the two-o'clock thrain?"

"Yes," was the sleepy reply from within.

"Well, yez can shlake an hour longer, fer she's so much late."

The heavy feet shuffled off down the hall, and silence ensued. Another hour had passed, when Pat again knocked.

"Say! be yez the felly what said he wanted to ketch the two-o'clock thrain?"

"Yes!" and there was a sound of the man hastily springing from his bed.

"Well," drawled Pat, "yez can go back to bed again, fer she's another hour late."

A forcible remark or two proceeded from the traveling man's room, and were audible to his awakened neighbors, as was the departure of Pat; but soon all was quiet again, and the few occupants of the hotel were left for some time to undisturbed repose. Just as the first faint streaks of dawn were tinging the sky, Pat once more made his presence known, and, in tones giving unmistakable evidence of recent and heavy slumber, remarked:

"Say! if yez was tne felly what wanted to ketch the two-o'clock thrain, yez can shlake till mornin', fer, bedad, the blame thing's gone!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

A PROMINENT Detroit firm having a millinery department in their store received the following mail order for a bonnet from a patron who wrote that she lived "where millinery is not of a high order." She therefore sent the following:

"DIRECTIONS FOR BONNET."

"Mazure of head from ear to ear over top of the head 12 inches; from ear to ear under my chin $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches; from forehead to back hare 7 inches. I want a black lase bonnet with streamers and rozetts of red or yellow satting ribbon an' would like a bunch of pink Rozes or a blue ploom behind with a black jet buckel. If artfishels is still all the go I want a bunch of grapes or a bird's tale somewhares. I do not dezire anything too fansy but if you think a reath of pansies would look good you may put one on. I have some good pink ribbon here at home so you need not put on strings."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A STORY is told of a now famous American artist, who was seen one day during his struggling days in Paris, with his clothes in the last stage of dissolution, and his shoes tied up with twine. But there was a wild gleam in his eye. "I've got a hundred dollars!" he shouted to a friend across the street, quite oblivious of the crowd—"a hundred dollars, and I'm going to buy some shoe-strings!"—*Argonaut*.

WHEN Mark Twain was married, his bride's father bought and furnished a handsome house for the young pair. Twain knew nothing of it until after the wedding, when it was shown to him in all its completeness by a party of his wife's relatives, and, of course, his wife, who at length broke out, "It's our house—yours and mine—a present from father." He choked up and, with tears in his eyes, stammered out to his father-in-law, "Mr. Langdon, whenever you are in Buffalo, if it's twice a year, come right up here and bring your bag with you. You may stay over night, if you want to. It shan't cost you a cent!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

DURING the Franco-Prussian war, Napoleon the Third gave orders that no war correspondents should accompany the French troops, for the reason that "the effects of our mitrailleuses will be so terrible, and those writers will make such descriptions of them that our battles will impress people as mere massacres, and everybody will have a horror of them." A reporter of *Le Figaro*, Alfred d'Aunao, was so indignant at the Emperor's order that he exclaimed: "Very well, then; we shall not puff this war!"—*Wave*.

A GEORGIA justice recently sentenced a man to be hanged. On the lawyer explaining that there was no law which empowered him to pronounce the death sentence, he replied: "That may be, but I've hung six of 'em jest the same!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.



"SIT IN DOT CHAIR WIDOUT ANY SEAT IN IT, SHAKEY, DEN YOU VON'T VEAR OUT YOUR PANTS SO QUICK."

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Continental Traveling Set.

BELT, BAG AND PURSE TO MATCH
IN ALL LEATHERS. * * *

Designed to meet the requirements of ladies traveling here or abroad, and constructed with a view to convenience and safety.

Light in weight, plain yet rich in mounting, and moderate in price.
Mounted in Sterling Silver only.

SILVER MOUNTED LEATHER BELTS IN GREAT VARIETY.

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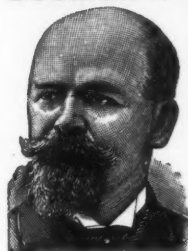
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Manufactory at Wallingford, Conn.

Wilbur's **PERFECTION**
OF
ART
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SEND FOR SAMPLE
WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR
TROY, N. Y.



Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum



CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
The Perfection of Chewing Gum
And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.
Send 5c. for sample package.
Beeman Chemical Co.
23 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

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WOMEN **BEAUTIFUL**



Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement; send 6c. in stamps and a descriptive circular, with testimonials, will be sent mailed, by return mail.

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L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

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SEARCH LIGHT PRICE **\$5.00**

The only strictly first class bicycle lantern on the market.

Ask your dealer or send to
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the name of one stands forth conspicuous. It is the original standard make of single-tubes, the tires whose speed and durability have won the whole world to single-tubes. * *

You can have Hartfords on any high-grade bicycle if you insist.

**COST MOST.
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The Hartford Rubber Works Co., Hartford, Conn. Branches New York & Chicago

IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER
A TRIAL
WILL CONVINCE THAT
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IS PERFECTION

We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Prices of **GOLDEN SCEPTRE**, 1 lb. \$1.30, 1/2 lb. 40 cts. Postage paid. Catalogue free

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The Great Commoner
said (after his defeat in 1844),
"I had rather be right than President." And we know why he was right, and what gave the inspiration. Kentucky traditions relate that he and James Crow, the founder of the Old Crow distillery, used to get together, way back in the early forties, and discuss national and State topics over their cups of
"Old Crow Rye."
We also know we are right when we laud the qualities of this brand. There are many counterfeits. The genuine has the word
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ESTABLISHED 1853.
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THEY are the only tires you are sure of getting home on if punctured. Air will not escape for hours. **Palmer Tires** are the easiest riding, quickest repaired and fastest Tires. They mark the high-grade wheel. They are expensive. Send for catalogue. **PALMER PNEUMATIC TIRE CO., CHICAGO.**

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